

NEW ENGLAND
SABBATH SCHOOL MINSTREL.

A

COLLECTION OF MUSIC AND HYMNS

ADAPTED TO

SABBATH SCHOOLS, FAMILIES AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.

BY A

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

BOSTON:

NEW ENGLAND SABBATH SCHOOL UNION, 79 CORNHILL,
AND JOHN PUTNAM, 81 CORNHILL.

1844.

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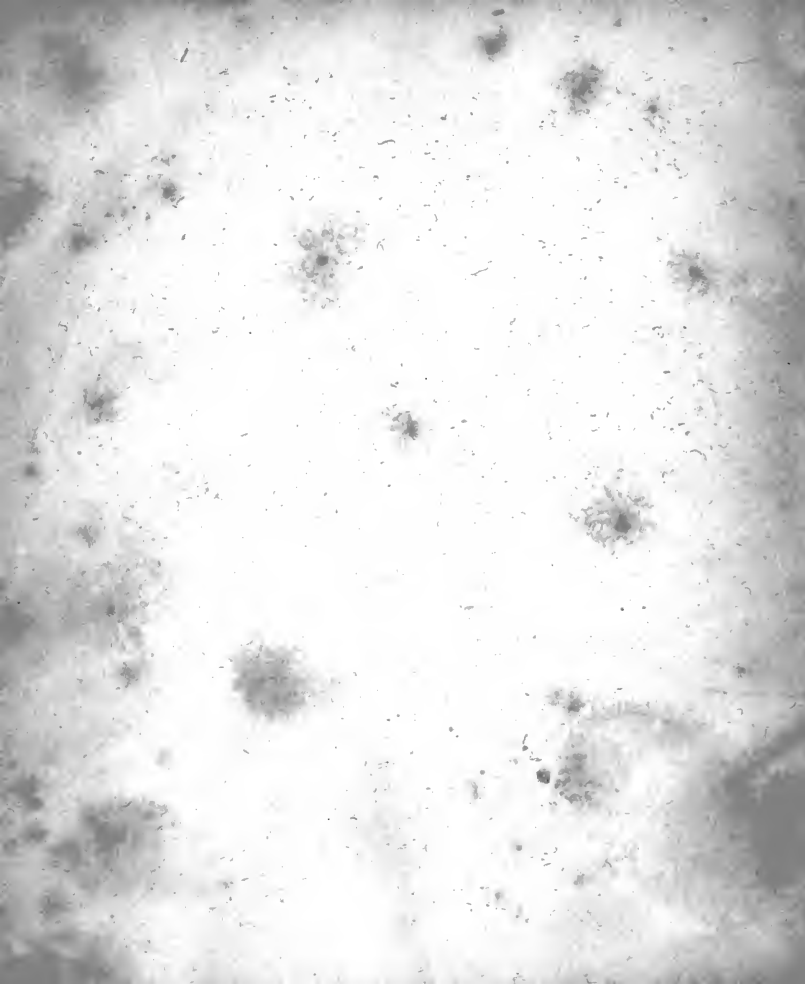
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THE

✓
NEW ENGLAND



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N O T E .

The collection of music and hymns embraced in the following pages, has been made with especial reference to the wants of the Sabbath School. The style of the music is simple and devotional ; and while it will gratify those somewhat advanced in the science, it may be learned with facility by even the youngest scholar. The object has been to introduce as large a number of appropriate hymns as possible, varying in length and in measure ; and all adapted to the exercises of the Sabbath School, its Anniversaries, Celebrations, &c.

It has been thought best to omit some music of long standing, to make room for new pieces not less pleasing. Such, however, as may desire to introduce the familiar tunes of "Coronation," "Hebron," "Ward," "Balerma," &c., will find hymns suited to their use.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1843,

By JOHN PUTNAM,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court, for the District of Massachusetts.

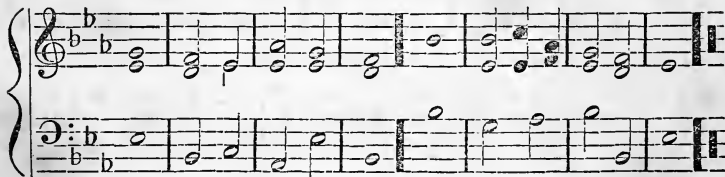
STEREOTYPED BY A. B. KIDDER, NO. 7 CORNHILL.

NEW ENGLAND

SABBATH SCHOOL MINSTREL.

1

The Lord's Prayer. (CHANT.) B. F. E.



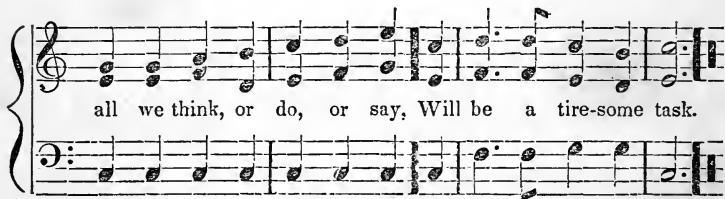
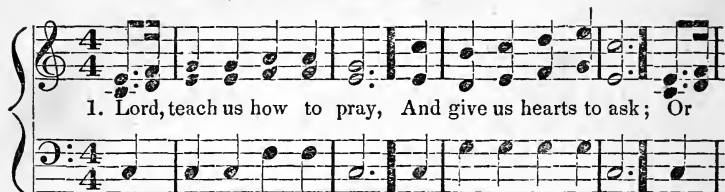
{ Our Father, who art in heaven,—
 { | hallow . . ed | be . . thy | name,—
 { Thy kingdom come,—thy will be done,—
 on | earth . . as it | is . . in | heaven.

{ Give us this day | our = | dai . . ly | bread ; —
 { And forgive us our trespasses,—
 as we forgive | them . . that | trespass . . a- | gainst us.

{ And lead us not into temptation,—
 { but de- | liver | us . . from | evil : —
 { For thine is the kingdom,—and the power,—
 and the glory, for | ev . . er, | A- = | men.

2

"Lord, teach us how to pray." S. M.



Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend,
With pure and warm desire.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Present our prayers above:
And spread abroad, o'er all thou see'st,
The mantle of thy love.

Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer;
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

3

Sunday Morning. S. M.

How pleasant is the dawn
Of this delightful day;
Now, with our teachers, let us join
To read, and praise, and pray.

And may the God of love
Their kind endeavors own,
That we and they may meet above
To sing before his throne.

Blest Saviour! hear our cry,
O grant us all thy grace:
And make us fit, while here below,
To dwell before thy face.

4 Sunday Morning. S. M.

Lord, fix our wand'ring thoughts
Thy sacred word to hear,
With deep attention, and with love,
With rev'rence, and with fear.

Let us remember still
That God is present here :
And let our hearts be all engag'd
When we draw near in pray'r.

And when the humble notes
Of praise our lips employ,
Give us to taste the sweet delight
Which saints in heav'n enjoy.

O may thy sacred word
Sink deep in every breast,
And let us all by grace be brought
To Christ, the promis'd rest.

5 On Seeking God Early. S. M.

With humble heart and tongue,
Great God, to thee we pray ;
O may we learn, while we are young,
To walk in wisdom's way.

Now, in our early days,
Teach us thyself to know ;
O God, thy sanctifying grace,
Betimes, on us bestow.

Make our defenceless youth
The object of thy care ;
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.

O let thy word of grace
Our warmest thoughts employ,
Be this, through all our foll'wing days,
Our treasure and our joy.

6 Thy Kingdom Come. S. M.

Lord, let thy kingdom come ;
Let thy good Spirit find
A calm abode, a peaceful home,
A temple in our mind.

In us reveal thy laws,
And teach us all thy will ;
That we devoted to thy cause,
Thy pleasure may fulfil.

Let peace, and joy, and love.
Be fully, freely given,
And may our youthful hearts improve,
Till we are fit for heaven.

7 Opening a School. S. M.

Within these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found :
Here may our piety increase,
And God's rich grace abound !

God scorns not humble things ;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down ;
But all, thro' faith and patience, bro't
To an immortal crown.

8 Dismissal. S. M.

Once more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name,
Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

Lord, may we love thy word,
And feed thereon and grow ;
Go on to learn thy holy will,
And practice what we know.

9

Holy Enjoyment. L. M.

H. PARKHURST.

1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er

2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grate-ful

Sab-bath is be - gun; Re-turn my soul, en - joy thy

in-cense to the skies, And draw from heav'n that sweet re -

rest, Improve the day that God hath blest.

- - pose Which none but he that feels it knows.

With joy, great God thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new :
With praise, we think on mercies past ;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

10 **Time.** **L. M.**
 Almighty Maker of my frame,
 Teach me the measure of my days;
 Teach me to know how frail I am,
 And spend the remnant to thy praise.

My days are shorter than a span,
 A little point my life appears;
 How frail at best is dying man:
 How vain are all his hopes and fears!
 Vain his ambition, noise and show!
 Vain are the cares which rack his
 mind:

He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
 He dies and leaves them all behind.

O be a nobler portion mine;
 My God, I bow before thy throne;
 Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
 And fix my hope on thee alone.

11 On Seeking God Early. L. M.

How bless'd are those in early youth,
 Who seek the holy ways of truth;
 And when life's opening joys appear,
 The voice of wisdom love to hear.

The firstling of the flock was given
 By Israel to the God of heaven,
 But dearer still he deigns to prize
 The young heart's fervent sacrifice.

Oh! while the path of youth is trod
 May we commit our way to God,
 Nor ever form throughout the way
 One hope for which we dare not pray.

Thus may we boldly cast our care
 On HIM who hears and answers
 prayer,
 And, trusting, raise our eyes above
 To meet a Father's smile of love.

12 **Prayer.** **L. M.**
 Great God, behold before thy throne,
 A band of suppliants lowly bend;
 Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
 And pray that thou wouldst be our
 friend.

Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
 That he may teach us how to pray;
 Make us sincere, and let each heart
 Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

O let thy grace our hearts renew,
 And seal a sense of pardon there!
 Teach us thy will to know and do,
 And let us all thine image bear.

13 Sacred Stream. L. M.

There is a stream whose gentle flow,
 Supplies the city of our God,
 Life, love and joy still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.

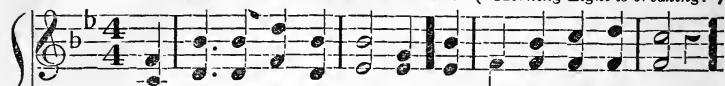
That sacred stream, thine holy word,
 That all our raging fear controls,
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting
 souls.

14 Sabbath Invocation. L. M.

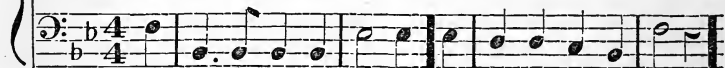
We leave our tasks, we leave our play,
 To think of thee, O God, to-day;
 O teach our hearts and tongues to raise
 The prayer of faith, the song of praise.

Let not an earthly thought annoy
 The pleasure of this sweet employ:
 May selfish passions all be still,
 While we inquire to know thy will.

15

Praise to the Saviour. 7s & 6s. (*"Morning Light is breaking."*)

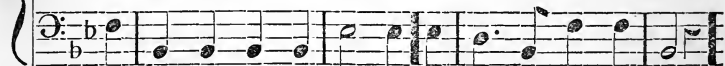
1. To thee, O bless-ed Saviour, Our grateful songs we raise ;



2. O, may thy pre-cious gos-pel Be published all a-broad,



O tune our hearts and voices Thy ho - ly name to praise ;



Till the be-night-ed hea-then Shall know and serve the Lord ;



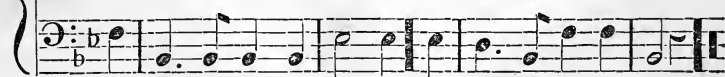
'Tis by thy sov'reign mer cy We're here allowed to meet,



Till o'er the wide cre - a - tion The rays of truth shall shine,



To join with friends and teachers Thy blessing to en-treat.



And na-tions now in darkness A - rise to light di - vine.

16 Christian Exultation. 7 & 6.

The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The sons of earth are waking,
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us,
 Are opening every hour;
 Each cry to Heaven going,
 Abundant answers brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above.
 While sinners now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way,
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay;
 Stay not, till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home,
 Stay not, till all the holy
 Proclaim the Lord has come.

17 Youthful Piety. 7 & 6.

How beauteous in life's morning,
 In days of joyous youth;
 To witness in its dawning
 The heavenly gleam of truth;
 For then bright sunny visions,
 Dance blithely o'er the heart,
 Earth in its wide dimensions,
 No lovelier sight imparts.

With joy we greet the hour,
 Which bids us all to meet,
 To own our Father's power,
 And fall at Jesus' feet.
 And e'en if sorrow's vesture
 O'er our young spirits lies,
 Our faith will pierce the shadow,
 And point to cloudless skies.

O Thou who art the giver
 Of all we claim below,
 Whose throne must stand forever,
 When earth's proud realm lies low;
 O! aid the Sabbath Teacher,
 And bless the Sabbath School;
 Till all shall reach that mansion,
 Where endless love shall rule.

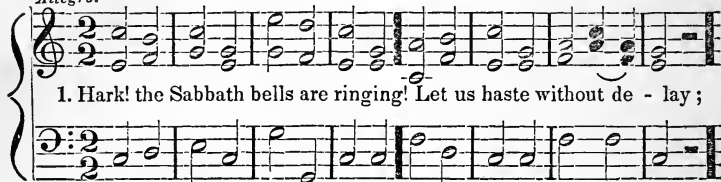
18 Doxology. 7 & 6.

To Thee be praise forever,
 Thou glorious King of kings,
 Thy wond'rous love and favor
 Each ransomed spirit sings:
 We'll celebrate thy glory
 With all thy saints above,
 And shout the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

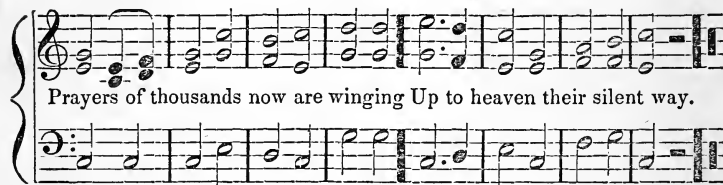
19

"Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing." 8s & 7s.

Allegro.



1. Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing! Let us haste without de - lay ;



Prayers of thousands now are winging Up to heaven their silent way.

'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
We have met for praise and prayer ;
But the hour is short and fleeting ;
Let us, then, be early there.

Do not keep our Teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way ;
Nor disturb the school reciting ;
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.

Children, haste ; the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair ;
Thousands now are joined in singing ;
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

20

God is Love. 8s & 7s.

Teach us, heavenly Father, teach us
That thou art a God of Love ;
Let this truth, O let it reach us,
Let it reach us from above.

Every twinkling star declares it ;
Every fresh and fragrant flower ;
Every hill around us wears it ;
May we feel it at this hour.

Winter storm and summer shower,
Sunset sky and morning breeze,
Verdant lawn, and shady bower,
Lord, thy love we see in these.

21 Sunday Morning. 8s & 7s.

Welcome, welcome, quiet morning,

Welcome is this holy day ;

Now the Sabbath morn returning,

Says a week has passed away.

Let me think how time is passing ;

Soon the longest life departs !

Nothing human is abiding,

Save the love of humble hearts.

Father, now one prayer I raise thee,

Give an humble, grateful heart ;

Never let me cease to praise thee,

Never from thy fear depart.

Then when years are gathered o'er me,

And the world is sunk in shade,

Heaven's bright realm will rise before

There my treasure will be laid. [me;

22 Christ's blessing Sought. 8s & 7s.

Holy Saviour! thou hast told us,

When we meet to hear of thee,

With thy love thou wilt behold us,

And amongst us thou wilt be.

Lord of hosts! to seek thy blessing,

We are gathered here to-day ;

Help us, all our sins confessing,

Saviour, teach thy flock to pray.

May the words we hear direct us

How to learn and do thy will ;

May thy Spirit's aid protect us,

And with faith our bosoms fill.

And when death dissolves the union,

Which to us on earth is given,

May we spend in blest communion

Endless Sabbath days in heaven.

23 The Fount of Blessing. 8s & 7s.

Far from mortal cares retreating,

Sordid hopes and vain desires,

Here, our willing footsteps meeting,

Every heart to heaven aspires.

From the fount of glory beaming,

Light celestial cheers our eyes,

Mercy from above proclaiming

Peace and pardon from the skies.

Who may share this great salvation ?

Every pure and humble mind,

Every kindred, tongue, and nation,

From the stains of guilt refined.

Blessings all around bestowing,

God withholds his care from none,

Grace and mercy ever flowing

From the fountain of his throne.

24 The Shepherd my Guide. 8s & 7s.

With thy counsel thou shalt guide me,

O thou Shepherd of the flock ;

Safe from every tempest hide me,

Fixed upon the Living Rock.

Poor and needy, O receive me,

Be thy rod my staff and stay ;

And that blessed portion give me

Which no power can take away.

25 Song of Praise. 8s & 7s

Saviour, source of every blessing,

Tune my heart to grateful lays ;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing,

Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,

Sung by raptured saints above ;

Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,

While I sing redeeming love.

26

Welcome to the Sabbath. L. M.

H. PARKHURST.

1. I love to have the Sabbath come, I love to rise and quit my home,

And haste to school with cheerful air, To meet my friends and teachers there.

'Tis here I'm always taught to pray,
That God would bless me day by day;
And safely guard and guide me still,
And ever help to do his will.

'Tis here I sing a Saviour's love,
That bro't him from his throne above;

'Tis here I seek my Father's face,
'Tis here I learn each Christian grace.

This day be given to God alone,
He claims the Sabbath as his own;
O may we all the time improve,
To grow in wisdom and in love.

27

Worship.

L. M.

Come, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought
And make me, Lord, thy blest abode.

Wilt thou impart unto my soul,
A living speck of heavenly fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame,
And let it rise in pure desire.

Reveal to me the Saviour's love,
The love that Christ for sinner's bore;
Give me a new, a contrite heart,
A heart that Saviour to adore.

28 God's blessing Invoked. L. M.

Father, we come with filial fear
 To seek a blessing from thy throne;
 Our supplications kindly hear,
 Our humble songs be pleased to own.
 While here, direct our thoughts aright,
 Let heav'nly truth our minds impress,
 When in thy temple we unite,
 The hour of worship deign to bless.
 Through all this day of sacred rest,
 Thy holy presence we implore;
 Let no vain care our peace molest,
 Our feet from sinful ways restore.
 Forgive our sins—our follies hide—
 Subdue our hearts thy name to love;
 On earth our wand'ring footsteps guide,
 And bring us to thy courts above.

29 Supplication. L. M.

Jesus, the condescending King,
 Is pleased to hear when children sing,
 And, while our feeble voices rise,
 Will not the humble prayer despise.

Then keep us, Lord, from every sin,
 Which we can see and feel within;
 And what we neither feel nor see,
 Forgive, for all is known to thee.

We own there's nothing good in us,
 To cause thee to befriend us thus;
 We cannot think a goodly thought,
 Nor ever serve thee as we ought.

Yet, Lord, we humbly venture nigh,
 Because thou didst come down to die;
 And this is all the plea we make,—
 O save us, for thy mercy's sake.

30 Art thou my Father? L. M.

Great God, and wilt thou condescend
 To be my Father and my Friend?
 I, a poor child, and thou so high,
 The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!
 Art thou my Father? canst thou bear
 To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
 Or stoop to listen to the praise
 That such a feeble one can raise?
 Art thou my Father? let me be
 A meek, obedient child to thee;
 And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
 To serve and please thee as I ought.
 Art thou my Father? I'll depend
 Upon the care of such a Friend;
 And only wish to do and be
 Whatever seemeth good to thee.
 Art thou my Father? then at last,
 When all my days on earth are past,
 Send down, and take me in thy love,
 To be thy better child above.

31 Parting Hymn. L. M.

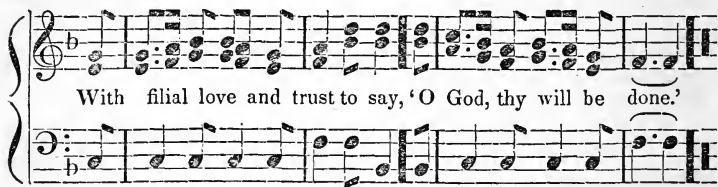
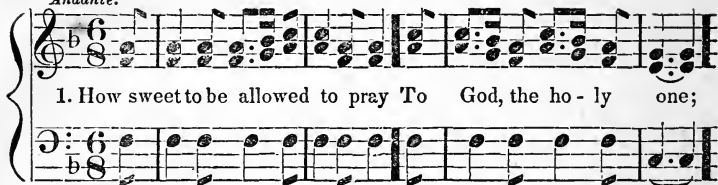
Guide of our youth, to thee we pray;
 Help us to tread thy holy way;
 And O, may all our life be passed
 As we shall wish it had at last.

Smile, Lord, on those whose toil and
 Are spent for our instruction here; [care
 And let our conduct ever prove
 Our gratitude for all their love.

Through life may we perform thy will,
 Our various duties all fulfil. [known,
 Then join the friends we here have
 In nobler songs around thy throne.

32

"Thy will be done." C. M.

Andante.

We, in these sacred words, can find
 A cure for every ill;
 They calm and soothe the troubled
 And bid its fears be still. [mind,

O let that will which gave me breath
 And an immortal soul,
 In joy or grief, in life or death,
 My every wish control.

O teach my heart the blessed way
 To imitate thy Son!
 Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
 "Thy will, not mine, be done."

33

Youthful Praise. C. M.

Great God, in whom we live and move,
 Accept our feeble praise,
 For all the mercy, grace and love,
 Which crowns our youthful days.

For countless mercies, love unknown,
 Lord, what can we impart?
 Thou dost require one gift alone,—
 The offering of the heart.

Incline us, Lord, to give it thee;
 Preserve us by thy grace,
 Till death shall bring us all to see
 Thy glory face to face.

34 Devotion in Youth. C. M.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath beneath the
 Of Sharon's dewy rose. [hill

Lo, such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose heart, with holy influence
 Is upward drawn to God !

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.

O thou ! who giv'st us life and breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age and death,
 To keep us still thine own.

35 God our Protector. C. M.

Lord, I would own thy tender care,
 And all thy love to me ;
 The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
 Are all bestowed by thee.

'Tis thou preservest me from death,
 And dangers every hour ;
 I cannot draw another breath
 Unless thou giv'st me power.

Kind angels guard me every night,
 As round my bed they stay ;
 Nor am I absent from thy sight,
 In darkness, or by day.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant
 A child can ne'er repay ; [care,
 But may it be my daily prayer
 To love thee and obey.

36 Be thou my Strength. C. M.

Almighty Father ! I am weak,
 But thou wilt strengthen me,
 If from my heart I humbly seek
 For health and light from thee.

When I am tempted to do wrong,
 Then, Father, pity me,
 And make my failing virtue strong,—
 Help me to think of thee.

Let Christian courage guard my youth,
 That courage give to me,
 That ever speaks and acts the truth,
 And puts its trust in thee.

37 On the death of a Scholar. C. M.

Death has been here, and borne away
 A brother from our side :
 Just on the morning of *his* day,
 As young as me, *he* died.

We cannot tell who next may fall
 Beneath thy chastening rod ;
 One must be first,—but let us all
 Prepare to meet our God.

May each attend, with willing feet,
 The means of knowledge here ;
 And wait around thy mercy seat,
 With hope as well as fear.

38 Child's Supplication. C. M.

Lord Jesus, teach a child to pray,
 Who humbly kneels to thee,
 And every night and every day
 My Friend and Saviour be.

While here I live, give me thy grace,
 And when I'm called to die,
 O take my soul to see thy face,
 And sing thy praise on high.

39

"A charge to keep I have."

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri - - fy,
2. Arm me with jealous care, As in thy sight to live;
A precious soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
And O my soul pre-pare The strict account to give.
To serve the present age, My call-ing to ful - - fil;
Help me to watch and pray, And on thy-self re - - ly,
May this my powers en-gage, To do my Master's will.
Assured that if I stray, I shall for - ev - er die.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of five systems, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with some lines spanning across two staves. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

40 Sabbath Enjoyment.

6s.

Welcome delightful morn,
 Sweet day of sacred rest,
 I hail thy kind return ;
 Lord, make these moments blest.
 To spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside.

God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts his hands are filled,—
 We draw our blessings thence.
 The Lord his people loves ;
 His hand no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,—
 From pure and upright souls.

41 Prayer for the Spirit.

6s.

Blest Comforter divine,
 Let rays of heavenly love
 Amid our darkness shine,
 And guide our souls above.
 Turn us, with gentle voice,
 From every sinful way,
 And bid the saints rejoice,
 Though earthly joys decay.

By thine inspiring breath
 Make every cloud of care,
 And e'en the vale of death,
 A smile of glory wear.
 O, fill thou every heart,
 With love to all our race ;
 Great Comforter! impart
 These blessings of thy grace.

42 Divine Protection.

6s.

Awake our drowsy souls,
 Shake off each slothful band ;
 The wonders of his grace,
 Our noblest songs demand.
 To heaven I lift mine eyes,
 From God is all my aid,—
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made.

My feet shall never slide,
 Nor fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears.
 No burning heat by day,
 No blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away
 If God be with me there.

43 Sustaining Grace.

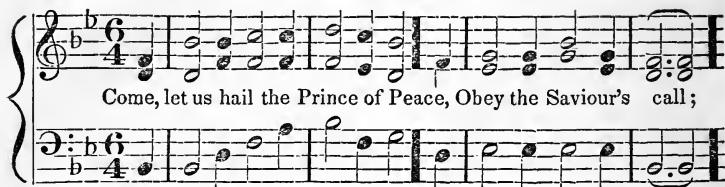
6s.

To God, the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 We offer sacrifice,
 And humble praises bring.
 'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves from sin and death,
 And every hurtful snare.

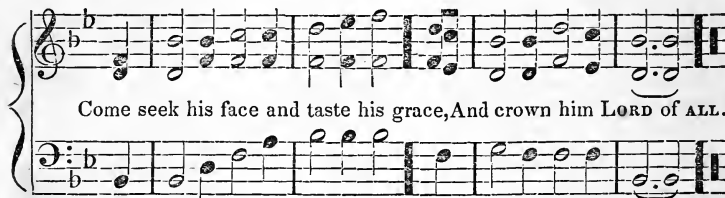
He will present our souls,
 Unblemished and complete,
 Before his glorious face,
 With joys divinely great.
 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall magnify his grace,
 And make his wonders known.

44

"Crown him Lord of all." C. M.



Come, let us hail the Prince of Peace, Obey the Saviour's call;



Come seek his face and taste his grace, And crown him LORD of ALL.

Ye lambs of Christ your tribute bring,
 Ye children great and small;
 Hosannas sing to Christ your King,
 O crown him LORD of ALL.

'Tis Jesus will your sins forgive,
 For you he drank the gall;
 His life he gave that you might live
 To crown him LORD of ALL.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him LORD of ALL.

O that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him LORD of ALL.

45

God's Goodness. C. M.

C. M.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise.
 Unnumbered blessings on my head
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those blessings flowed.
 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.
 Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 But oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

46 The Jubilee.

C. M.

What heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
This is the Jubilee.

Good news, good news to Adam's race,
Let Christians all agree;
To sing redeeming love and grace,
This is the Jubilee.

The gospel sounds a sweet release,
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to
This is the Jubilee. [peace,

Jesus is on the mercy seat,
Before him bend the knee,
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the Jubilee.

Sinners, be wise, return and come,
Unto the Saviour flee;
The Saviour bids you welcome home,
This is the Jubilee.

Come ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony,
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

47 Christ our Theme.

C. M.

Jesus, unite our hearts to thee,
And join us all in one;
And in our meetings every where,
Be thou our theme alone.

Reign thou sole monarch of our hearts,
Without a rival reign;
Till we with angels join above,
To praise the Lamb once slain.

48**Awake ye Saints.**

C. M.

Awake ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

Not many years their rounds shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
Ye mortal powers decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

49**God's Word a Guide.**

C. M.

The morn of life how fair and gay!
How cheering and how new!
What hope illumes each opening day,
And brightens every view!

Youth's ardent mind with joy elate,
Elastic and sincere,
Suspects no ills that may await,
Nor yields a thought to fear.

In God's own word a way is sure,
And clear to every eye;
It leads us in a path secure,
To brighter worlds on high.

50**Advent.**

C. M.

Hark the glad sound, the Saviour
The Saviour promised long! [comes!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

51

Carter.

8s & 7s.

F. GIBSON.

Gently Lord, O gently lead us Through this lowly vale of tears ;
O re - fresh us, O refresh us, O re-fresh us with thy grace.

And, O Lord, in mercy give us, Thy rich grace in all our fears.

Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin.
Therefore praise him,
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love.
Happy songsters,
Happy songsters,
When shall I your chorus join?

52

Early Piety.

8s & 7s.

Come, let us, with hearts united,
Seek and praise our God above;
Far too long his grace we've slighted;
But, if now we seek his love,
We shall find him,
We shall find him,
And our guilt he will remove.

If we seek his Holy Spirit
In the morning of our days,
He will grant, through Jesus' merit,
Rich supplies of heavenly grace;
And will fit us,
And will fit us
For eternal songs of praise.

53 Close of School. 8, 7 & 4.

Now is done the time of teaching,
 Ended is the hour we love,
 Still the voice of friends beseeching
 Us to seek for joys above, —
 Precious Sabbaths!
 Swiftly, O they swiftly move.

Wake, then, every tender feeling,
 Ere from school we go away;
 Saviour come, thy grace revealing,
 Every troubled thought allay;
 Make us holy
 On the sacred Sabbath day.

Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
 All our Sabbath schools be past,
 Like the leaf, to earth descended,
 Withered in the autumn blast;
 Life is passing,
 We must see the grave at last.

Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,
 With its sunny glories bright;
 And with millions saved before us
 May we join in worlds of light,
 Praising Jesus,
 Where the Sabbath knows no night.

54 Prayer. 8, 7 & 4.

Lord direct me by thy Spirit
 In the pathway of the just;
 Way of sinners, may I flee it, —
 Fix in thee my filial trust:
 Love thee, praise thee,
 Till I mingle with the dust.

55 Praise. 8, 7 & 4.

God our Father, great Creator,
 At thy feet we humbly bow;
 Gratitude for boundless favor
 Should in praise forever flow;
 Great Jehovah,
 Praise to thee is ever due.

Blessed Jesus, mighty Saviour!
 Tune our voices to thy praise!
 Thou didst bless e'en little children,
 And invite them near thy face;
 Son of David!
 Loud hosannas to thy name.

56 Dismission. 8, 7 & 4

Lord dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away;
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave this cumbrous clay;
 May we, ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day.

57

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

11s.

The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I! How tender and

The Lord is my Shepherd, then I must obey His gracious com-
watch-ful my wants to sup-ply! He dai-ly provides me with

mandment, and walk in his way; His fear he will teach me, my
raiment and food, Whate'er he denies me is meant for my good.
heart he'll renew, And though I'm so sinful, my sins he'll subdue.

The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
I am blest while I live, and blest when I die,
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,
"For I will be with thee," my Shepherd has said.
"The Lord is my Shepherd," I'll sing with delight,
Till called to adore him in regions of light;
Then praise him, with angels, to bright harps of gold,
And ever and ever his glory behold.

58

The Sabbath. 11s.

How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest,
 The day of the week which I ought to love best;
 The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
 And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.
 Then let us be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
 Nor carelessly trifle this season away;
 Remembering that Sabbaths were graciously given
 To teach us to seek, and prepare us for heaven.
 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
 When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere:
 In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
 And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

59

Scene at the Sepulchre. 11s.

Sweet spices they brought on their star-lighted way,
 And came to the grave by the dawning of day:
 "But who will the stone from the sepulchre roll?"
 They said, as the tear from their weeping eyes stole.
 The stone is removed, and the Saviour is gone:—
 O hail, ye disciples, this bright Sabbath morn;
 Lift, lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
 Your Master has risen, and ye shall not die.
 May Christ now appear, as to Mary he came,
 And fill every bosom with piety's flame;
 Then heaven's bright glories we soon shall obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths so peaceful be useless and vain.

60

The Lord's Prayer. 11s.

Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name!
 May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same;
 O give to us daily our portion of bread,—
 It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.
 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
 That humble compassion that pardons each foe;
 Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
 And thine be the glory, forever, Amen.

61

"Lord, remember me."

C. M.

Alt. from Juv. Singing School.

O thou who didst uphold my way From earliest infancy, Before my lisping
Still through the path of youth my guide And my protector be ; And when my feet would

Lento.

tongue could say O "Lord remember me!" O "Lord, remember me."
turn aside, O "Lord, remember me!" O "Lord, remember me."

And shouldst thou graciously ordain
That manhood I should see,
O let me never live in vain ;
O "Lord remember me!"

If thou shouldst pain or sickness send,
From murm'ring keep me free ;
Or, if thy hand should riches lend,
O "Lord remember me!"

And when this earthly scene I leave,
And worldly prospects flee,
As then my latest sigh I heave,
O "Lord remember me!"

62

Trust in God.

C. M.

O Lord ! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my kindest friend.

He that has made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide ;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?

O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I'll trust thee and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and trust thee more.

63 Thanks for Instruction. C. M.

Hear, Lord, the voice of praise and
In heaven, thy dwelling place, [prayer
From children made thy constant care,
And taught to seek thy face.

Thanks for thy word and for thy day,
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
Thy holy Sabbaths more.

Thanks that we hear! but O impart
To each desires sincere,
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.

Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
A sun that ne'er declines;
And be thy mercies showered on those
Who placed us where it shines.

64 Early Piety. C. M.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,—
Nor let my soul complain,
That all the morning of my days
Has been consumed in vain.

65 "Remember me." C. M.

Our Father hears when sinners pray,
'Tis joyful news to me;
I'll seek his face without delay,
And cry "Remember me."

Through all the dangerous paths of
Jesus, my leader be; [youth,
Teach me to tread the ways of truth,
Blest Lord, "Remember me."

And when life's journey shall be o'er,
Heaven's mercy may I see;
Dear Saviour, I would seek no more
Than this, "Remember me."

66 Love. C. M.

Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet world of bliss.

Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

67 Penitence. C. M.

O for that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord!
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.

Saviour, to me in pity give
For sin, the deep distress,—
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.

68

Rose of Beauty. 7s & 6s.

H. PARKHURST.

How many a rose of beau-ty Will bloom to fade a - way,

adagio.
How many a child of pi - ty Will die e're yet 'tis day.

How many a gem of brightness,
Lies hidden from our sight!
Yet there's a world of gladness
Where all's revealed to light.

The budding flower of sweetness,
The blooming citron's shade,
Are emblems of life's fleetness,
To where no foes invade.

Then look to heaven in sorrow,
Forget all mortal care;
The past forget, the morrow
Will be eternal there.

69

Human Frailty.

7s & 6s.

O what is earthly pleasure
Compared with thy rich grace!
Lord, teach me how to measure
The remnant of my days.

Earth's treasures quickly leave us,
Its honors ne'er endure;
Its pleasures but deceive us,
Its hopes are insecure.

But Lord, while time so fleeting
Is filled with many a snare,
My soul on thee is waiting,
I'll trust thy guardian care.

70 Hymn of Praise. 7s & 6s.

O Lord, while angels praise thee,
And all creation sings,
To thee, Almighty Spirit,
My soul its tribute brings.

The morning stars all praise thee ;
The heavenly host on high,
The beams of early dawning,
And purple evening sky :

The fragrant springing flowers,
And summer's golden rays,
The golden fruits of Autumn,
And Winter's frozen days.

With pleasure thou dost listen
To hear us when we sing,
Thou wilt accept the praises
That youthful songsters bring.

71 'Remember thy Creator.' 7s & 6s.

"Remember thy Creator,"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night.

While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

"Remember thy Creator,"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust.

Before with God, who gave it,
The Spirit shall appear,
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

72 Autumnal Reflections. 7s & 6s.

The leaves around me falling,
Are preaching of decay ;
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away :"

The day, in night declining,
Says I must, too, decline ;
The year its bloom resigning,
Its lot foreshadows mine.

The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing.

All, all, like stars at even,
Just gleam and shoot away,
Pass on before to heaven,
And chide at my delay.

The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high,
And happy angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky :

"Why wait," they say, "and wither,
'Mid scenes of death and sin ?
O rise to glory, hither,
And find true life begin."

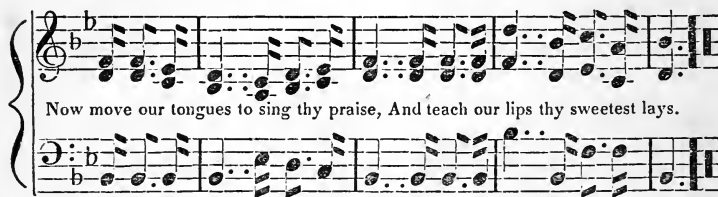
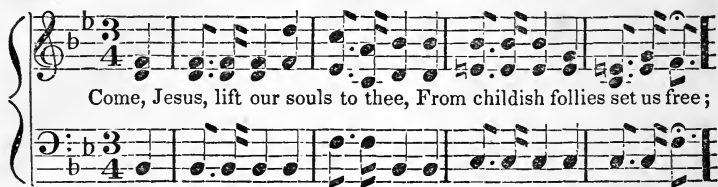
73 Christ's Invitation. 7s & 6s.

I hear thy invitation,
And fain would rise and come,
A sinner to salvation,
An exile, to his home ;

But while I here must linger,
O Lord, let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To brighter realms with thee.

74

Sabbath Instruction. L. M.



O help our mem'ry to retain
The precious knowledge we may
gain,
Keep us from sin and every strife,
And make us live a holy life.

We ask not gold nor length of days,
But strength to walk in wisdom's ways;
O give us wisdom from above,
And fill our souls with heavenly love.

Delightful Sabbaths! when we meet
Our pleasant lessons to repeat,
Dear Saviour! fit our souls to rise
To that long Sabbath in the skies.

75

The Gospel.

L. M.

How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered
round,
And joy and reverence filled the
place.

From heaven he came, of heav'n he
spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's
home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

76 Prayer for Divine Presence. L. M.

Be with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou would'st have
me do;

Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in the narrow way.

Prevent me lest I harbor pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Show me my weakness,—let me see,
I have my power, my all from thee.

Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey,—
What thou abhorrest may I flee,
And love alone what pleases thee.

O may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfil;
Let all my time, and all my ways,
Be spent, and ended, with thy praise.

77 Punctuality at School. L. M.

The clock has struck, I cannot stay,
O let me rise and haste away;
I'll quit my bed, and leave my home,
The hour of school at length is come.

I would be there when prayer begins,
To seek the pardon of my sins;
I'd ask the favor of the Lord,
And pray to understand his word.

O shall my teachers wait in vain,
When my neglect must give them pain?
No; let me rather strive to be
First of their little family.

These Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
And I shall go to school no more;
I would not, then, endure the pain
Of having spent my time in vain.

78 A Blessing Invoked. L. M.

Assembled in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read and sing and pray,
Be with us, then, through this thy day.
O Lord, our God, be pleased to bless,
And crown our studies with success,
In our young hearts thy truth instil,
That we may know and do thy will.

Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends,
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar:
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

79 The Sabbath's Return. L. M.

Thus far we're spared again to meet
Before Jehovah's mercy seat,
To seek his face, to praise and pray,
And hail another Sabbath day.

Let every tongue its silence break,
Let every tongue his goodness speak,
Who deigns his glory to display,
On each returning Sabbath day.

80 Doxology. L. M.

The peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our
hearts.

And may the holy Three in one,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Descend and bring salvation down,
To every soul assembled here.

81

The Pearl. P. M.

Western Harp.

The world their fancied pearl may crave, 'Tis not the pearl for me, }
 'Twill dim its lustre in the grave, 'Twill moulder in the sea. }

But there's a pearl of price untold, Which never can be bought or sold,

The sinking soul 'twill save : O that's the pearl, that's the pearl for me.
 O that's the pearl for me.

The miser knocks at mammon's gate,
 'Tis not the gate for me ;
 From early morn till evening late
 At his bolted door is he ;
 But there's a gate which leads to bliss,
 And he who knocks by faith at this,
 Will ne'er be called to wait :
 O that's the gate for me.

Let pleasure chant her syren song,
 'Tis not the song for me ;
 To weeping it will turn, ere long,
 For this is heaven's decree ;
 But there's a song the ransomed sing,
 To Jesus their exalted King,
 With joyful heart and tongue—
 O that's the song for me.

82**Jerusalem.**

P. M.

Jerusalem, my happy home!
 Name ever dear to me,
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee?
 When I thy pearly gates behold,
 And walk thy streets of shining gold,
 I shall be blest indeed.
 O that's the home for me.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.
 There Jesus's face dispels the gloom,
 There happier bowers than Eden's
 And strains seraphic flow: [bloom,
 O that's the home for me.

83**The Bible.**

P. M.

How precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given;
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 Life, light and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears:
 O that's the book for me.

This lamp through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.
 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 I would more dearly love thy word,
 For there thou art revealed:
 O that's the book for me.

84**Praise to the Saviour.**

P. M.

Come, youthful songsters, come and
 Your voice with one accord; [raise
 Come sing the cheerful song of praise,
 And bless your Saviour, Lord;
 Sing of the wonders of His grace,
 Who says that such as seek his face,
 Shall life eternal win:
 O that's the song for me.

Sing of the wonders of his love,
 And praise and glory give
 To Him who left his throne above,
 And died that you might live.
 Sing of the wonders of his truth,
 His promises to earliest youth
 Fulfilled in latest age:
 O that's the song for me.

Sing of the wonders of his power,
 Who with his own right arm
 Upholds and keeps you every hour,
 And shields your soul from harm;
 Sing of the wonders of his name,
 His grace, his love, his power proclaim,
 And praise him evermore:
 O that's the song for me.

85**The Sabbath School.**

P. M.

To Sabbath School, to Sabbath School,
 Ye children haste away,
 Be early at the Sabbath School,
 Nor ever stop to play.
 'Tis there you're taught to praise and
 The Saviour's precepts to obey, [pray,
 And give your hearts to God;
 O that's the school for me.

86

Work while it is Day. S. M. H. PARKHURST.

Work while it is to - day! This was our Saviour's rule ;

With docile minds let us o - bey, As learners in his school.

We as he did should do,
 Who practised what he taught ;
 By precept and example too,
 Our Master spake and wrought.

To work the works of God,
 Was his divine employ ;
 And we must tread the path he trod,
 Or enter not his joy.

O Lord ! we humbly ask
 Of thee the power and will ;
 With fear and meekness every task
 Of duty to fulfil.

87

Fidelity.

S. M.

Thou source of every good,
 Preserve and keep me still ;
 Do thou direct my heart and hand
 To execute thy will.

From every earthly charm
 O set my spirit free ;
 May I my time and strength devote,
 My life, my all to thee.

In wisdom's pleasant ways
 Help me to persevere,
 Till I shall reach the world of bliss
 And serve thee better there.

88 The Guide of Youth.

S. M.

From earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the path of future life,
Command thy light to shine.

While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe.

O let us never tread
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.

89 "Sweet is the Work."

S. M.

Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night
Still on the theme to dwell.

Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love, and serve thee
And in thy name rejoice. [best,

To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

90 Christ's Compassion.

S. M.

The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel,—
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower,
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

91 Dependence.

S. M.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I-do in any thing,
To do it as for thee!

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,—
In all, be thou the end.
All may of thee partake,—
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

92 Supplication.

S. M.

Lord, teach me so to live,
That when this life shall end,
My soul, redeemed from death and sin,
May glad to heaven ascend.

O Lamb of God! thy peace
E'en now impart to me,
The peace of God, the hope of heav'n,
Blest fruits of faith in thee.

93

Christmas. 7s.

Shepherds keeping watch by night, Saw around a glorious light ;

Heard an angel then proclaim, "Christ is born in Beth-le - hem."

Soon by many a heavenly tongue
 "Glory be to God" was sung,
 "Peace on earth, good will to men,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Joyful tidings to mankind!
 Richest grace they now may find ;
 Children, too, this grace may claim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Oh! how great his grace and love,
 Thus to leave his throne above ;
 Thus to bear our guilt and shame,
 And be born in Bethlehem.

Lord! accept our warmest praise
 For this condescending grace,
 And our hearts with love inflame,
 For thy birth in Bethlehem.

94

Youthful Praises.

7s.

Children once were heard to sing,
 When so many silent were ;
 Glad they welcomed Israel's King,
 And hosannas filled the air.

Jesus hail, we sing of thee,
 Welcome to thy house of prayer ;
 Let our hearts thy temple be,
 Lord, set up thy kingdom there.

Make us wise thy name to know,
 Let us feel thy power and love ;
 Ours to serve thee here below,
 And to dwell with thee above.

There we'll sing hosannas loud,
 To a Saviour's praise we'll sing ;
 Mix with yonder joyful crowd,
 And forever praise our King.

95 Sabbath Reflections.

Soon will set the Sabbath sun,
 Soon the sacred day be done ;
 But a sweeter rest remains,
 Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

Pleasant is the Sabbath chime,
 Borne upon the breeze sublime,
 Kind our teachers are to-day,—
 In the school we love to stay.

But a music sweeter far,
 Breathes where angel spirits are ;
 Higher far than earthly strains,
 Where the rest of God remains.

Shall we ever rise to dwell
 Where immortal praises swell ;
 And can children ever go
 Where eternal Sabbaths glow ?

Yes, that rest our own may be,—
 All the good shall Jesus see ;
 For the good a rest remains,
 Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

96 Teacher's Hymn.

God of union, God of love !
 With thy sanctifying power,
 From the realms of light above,
 Bless us in this solemn hour.

Bless our tender charge ! impart
 What shall most to Thee incline ;
 O, reclaim each wand'ring heart,
 Seal them ! seal them, ever thine.

Make us faithful to the end,
 Whilst our duties we fulfil ;
 And the promis'd blessing send,
 Like the dew on Hermon's hill.

7s. 97 The Scriptures.

Blessed Bible ! book divine,
 Let me ever read and learn,
 'Tis of truth the golden mine,
 'Tis my highest, best concern.

Shine upon the sacred page,
 Holy Spirit, while I read ;
 Open to my tender age,
 That I may be wise indeed.

Many snares my steps surround,
 Teach me how to guide my way ;
 Timothy here wisdom found,
 Let me find it, Lord, I pray.

98 Exhortation to Children. 7s.

Children, listen to the Lord,
 And obey his gracious word ;
 Seek his face with heart and mind,
 Early seek and you shall find.

Sorrowful, your sins confess,
 Plead his perfect righteousness ;
 See the Saviour's bleeding side,
 Come—you will not be denied.

7s. For his worship now prepare ;
 Kneel to him in fervent prayer ;
 Serve him with a perfect heart ;
 Never from his ways depart.

99 Christ's Care. 7s.

Shepherd of thy little flock,
 Lead me to the shadowing rock ;
 Where the richest pasture grows,
 Where the living water flows.

By that pure and silent stream,
 Shelter'd from the scorching beam ;
 Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
 Keep me ever near thy side.

100

"Safely through another week."

7s. 6 lines.

{ Safely through another week God has brought us on our way ;
 { Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day ;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sin and shame ;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest, this day, in thee.

May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners—comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief from all complaints :
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

101

Thankfulness.

7s. 6 ls.

God of glory ! God of love !
 Lord of all the worlds above !
 Thee we bless for daily food,
 Thee we bless for every good :
 Thee we sing with loud acclaim
 Praising thy all glorious name.

More than all we praise thee, Lord !
 For the blessings of thy word,
 For the tidings Jesus brought,
 For the precepts Jesus taught :
 Thee we sing with loud acclaim,
 Praising thy all glorious name.

102 Sabbath Meditations. 7s. 6 ls.

Now from labor and from care,
 And from worldly thoughts, set free,
 In the work of praise and prayer,
 Lord, I would commune with thee.
 O behold me from above,
 Fill me with a Saviour's love.

Sin and sorrow, guilt and wo,
 Wither all my earthly joys;
 Nought can charm me here below
 But my Saviour's melting voice:
 Lord, forgive, thy grace restore,
 Make me thine forevermore.

For the blessings of this day,
 For the mercies of this hour,
 For the gospel's cheering ray,
 For the Spirit's quick'ning power,
 Grateful notes to thee I raise,
 O accept my song of praise.

103 Morning Invocation. 7s. 6 ls.

With the morning's early ray,
 While the shades of night depart,
 Let thy beams of life convey
 Holy gladness to my heart;
 Now o'er all my steps preside,
 And for all my wants provide.

In this calm, impressive hour,
 Let my prayer ascend on high;
 God of mercy, God of power,
 Hear me, when to thee I cry;
 Hear me from thy lofty throne,
 For the sake of Christ, thy Son.

104 Christ the Rock. 7s. 6 ls.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood
 From thy side, a healing flood,
 Be of sin the double cure,—
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 All for sin could not atone,—
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyelids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

105 Dedication. 7s. 6 ls.

If so weak a youth as I
 May to thy great glory live,
 All mine actions sanctify,
 All my thoughts and words receive:
 Claim me for thy service—claim
 All I have and all I am.

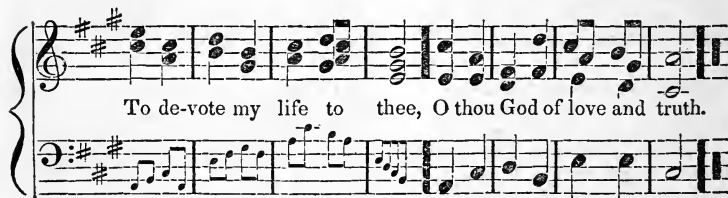
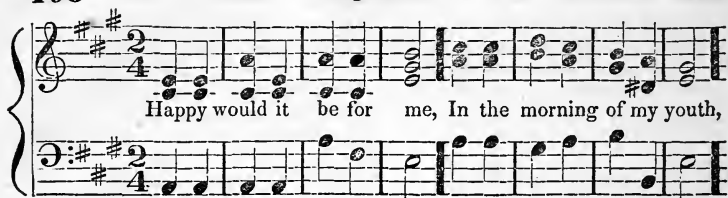
Take my soul and body's powers,
 Take my mem'ry, mind and will,—
 All my minutes, all my hours,
 All I know, and all I feel,
 All I think, and speak, and do:
 Take my HEART—but make it new.

106

Youthful Aspirations.

7s.

H. PARKHURST.



May I anxious be to know
 More of thee and things above;
 Lord, upon a youth bestow
 Light and knowledge, joy and love.

Lord, forbid the tempter's wiles
 To direct my feet aside;
 Save me from whate'er defiles,
 Sin and folly, lust and pride.

Let thy will in me be done;
 Let thy sacred will be mine;
 Fix my heart on thee alone,
 To evince I'm truly thine.

107 Christ's love to Children. 7s.

Saviour! didst thou die for me,
 Die for one so poor and mean?
 Let me look by faith to thee,
 Love thee, trust thee, though unseen.

Though the world may turn aside,
 Spurning one so poor as I;
 Christ, the Lord, was crucified,
 He for me came down to die.

On the lowly contrite heart,
 If the Lord in love look down,
 And to me his smiles impart,
 I need fear no other frown.

108 Praise to the Saviour.

7s.

Let us sing, with one accord,
Praise to the eternal Lord;
He is worthy whom we praise,
Hearts and voices let us raise.

He hath made us by his power,
He hath kept us to this hour,
He redeems us from the grave,
Lives to bless who died to save.

Angels praise him, so will we,
Sinful children though we be;
Poor and weak, we'll sing the more,
Jesus loves the weak and poor.

Dear to him is youthful prayer:
Humble hearts to him are dear;
Heart and voice, let all be given,
All will find its way to heaven.

109 Worship.

7s.

Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

110 God's Promises.

7s.

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,—
Jesus speaks, attend his word;
Full of promises divine,
Suited to such wants as thine.

He who promiseth is God,
Oh! what joy should this afford;
Holy Ghost, thy power impart,
And apply them to my heart.

Not one promise can be broke,
Which my dear Redeemer spoke;
I must on his word rely,
While I live, and when I die.

111 Death of a Child.

7s.

Mourn ye not, whose child hath found
Purer skies and holier ground;
Flowers of bright and pleasant hue,
Free from thorns, and fresh with dew.

Mourn not ye, whose child hath fled
From this region of the dead,
To yon winged angel band,
To a better, fairer land.

Knowledge in that clime doth grow
Free from weeds of toil and woe;
Joys which mortals may not share;
Mourn ye not, your child is there.

112 Religion.

7s.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

113

Living to Christ. L. M.

My gracious Lord, I own thy right To every service I can pay,

And call it my su-preme delight To hear thy dictates and obey.

What is my being but for thee—

Its sure support, its noblest end?

'Tis my delight thy face to see,

And serve the cause of such a Friend.

I would not sigh for worldly joy,

Or to increase my worldly good ;

Nor future days nor powers employ

To spread a sounding name abroad.

'Tis to my Saviour I would live—

To him who for my ransom died ;

Nor could all worldly honor give

Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

His work my hoary age shall bless,

When youthful vigor is no more,

And my last hour of life confess

His saving love, his glorious power.

114 The Saviour's Example. L. M.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord!

I read my duty in thy word ;

But in thy life the law appears,

Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,

Such deference to thy Father's will,

Such love, and meekness so divine,

I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,

Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer ;

The desert thy temptations knew,

Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

Be thou my pattern : make me bear :

More of thy gracious image here ;

Then God, the Judge, shall own my

name

Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

115**Prayer.****L. M.**

Once more assembled on thy day,
O Father, hear us when we pray;
And teach us thankfully to own
The love that draws us near thy throne.

Lord, let thy grace our souls inspire
With brightest rays of heavenly fire,
And let our songs of praise arise
In grateful incense to the skies.

O may our faith on wings of love
Soar upward to the realms above;
And grant us fervency of prayer,
That we may find a blessing there.

116 My Great Instructor. L. M.

Thou great Instructor, lest I stray,
O teach my erring feet thy way,
Thy truth, with ever fresh delight,
Shall guide my doubtful steps aright.
How oft my heart's affections yield,
And wander o'er the world's wide field!
My roving passions, Lord, reclaim,
Unite them all to fear thy name.

Then, to my God, my heart and tongue,
With all their powers, shall raise the
On earth thy glories I'll declare, [song:
Till heav'n th' immortal notes shall hear.

117 Holy Love. L. M.

O Lord, my Saviour and my King,
Of all I have, or hope, the spring!
Send down thy Spirit from above,
To warm my heart with holy love.

Let love through all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine;
Father of all, great Lord of love,
Let me thy humble follower prove.

118**Sunday Evening.****L. M.**

We've met another Sabbath day,
And heard of Jesus and of heaven;
We thank thee for thy word, and pray
That this day's sins may be forgiven.

Forgive our inattention, Lord, [astray:
Our looks and thoughts that went
Forgive our carelessness abroad,
At home, our idleness and play.

May all we heard and understood,
Be well remembered thro' the week;
And help to make us wise and good,
More humble, diligent, and meek.

So when our lives are finished here,
And days and Sabbaths shall be o'er;
May we, at thy right hand, appear,
To serve, and love thee evermore.

119 A Blessing Invoked. L. M.

Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth
Now let our noblest passions rise [away;
With ardor to their native skies.

Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

120**Doxology.****L. M.**

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

121

God's Care. 7s.

S. S. Harmony.

When the dark and heavy cloud Lifts on high its awful form,

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is in the treble, and the bass provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

And a-bove us pealing loud Rolls the thun-der of the storm,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Do not fear the lightning's flash, God di-rects it where to fall;

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Do not fear the thunder's crash, For your Saviour rules them all.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Only love and fear the Lord,
 Lift your heart to him in prayer,
 Rest upon your Saviour's word;
 God will for his children care.
 When the overwhelming flood
 Came upon a world of sin,
 Noah made an ark of wood,
 God was pleased to shut him in.

All who are like Noah, his,
 God will safe to glory raise,
 There to dwell where Jesus is,
 See his face and sing his praise.
 Those who early love thy name,
 Thy regard shall ever prove;
 'Tis thy promise now I claim,
 Saviour, deign my soul to love.

122 Advent Hymn.

7s.

Hark! that shout of rapturous joy,
 Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
 Jesus comes, and through the sky,
 Angels tell their joy aloud.
 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
 Sounds abroad o'er sea and land;
 Let his people now rejoice;
 Their redemption is at hand.

See, the Lord appears in view,
 Heaven and earth before him fly;
 Rise, ye saints; he comes for you;
 Rise to meet him in the sky.
 Go and dwell with him above,
 Where no foe can e'er molest;
 Happy in the Saviour's love,
 Ever blessing, ever blest.

123 Triumphal Hymn.

7s.

When our fathers, long ago,
 Fled from persecution's flame,
 O'er the dark, tempestuous sea,
 Little children with them came.
 Little children knelt and prayed
 With their sires on freedom's shore,
 Raised the grateful notes of joy
 Louder than the ocean's roar.

Bursting on night's darkest hour,
 Children heard the savage yell,
 And the loud and fearful cry
 Of their parents as they fell.
 Children sang, in later times,
 Liberty's inspiring lay;
 Glowing hearts in concert hailed
 Each returning festal day.

But a nobler, sweeter song
 We, this day, have met to sing;
 Praise to him in Bethlehem born,
 Him, our Saviour, and our King.
 He has conquered! lo! he comes,
 Leading captive death and sin!
 Open, open wide your gates!
 Let the King of glory in!

Jesus! Jesus! yes, 'tis he!
 Evermore the children's friend;
 We have one request for thee,
 Teachers, faithful teachers, send;
 Send them through this guilty world,
 To make glad th' abodes of sin.
 Open, open wide your gates!
 Let the King of glory in!

124

New Year's Hymn.

7s.

While, with ceaseless course the sun Hasted through the former year, }
 Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here: }

We a lit-tle longer wait, But how lit-tle none can know.

Fixed in an e - ternal state, They have done with all below,—

D. C.

D. C.

As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream:
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past, receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
 With eternity in view;
 Bless thy word to us while young,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 When our life's short race is run,
 May we dwell with thee above.

125 Acceptable Offerings. 7s.

Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow?
 Hearts the pure unsullied spring,
 Whence the kind affections flow;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast:

Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Heal the wounded, feed the poor;
 Love, embracing all our kind;
 Charity with liberal store:
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus th' accepted offering bring,—
 Love to thee and all mankind.

126 Sabbath Worship.

7s.

Soft and holy is the place
 Where the light that beams from
 heaven,
 Shows the Saviour's smiling face,
 With the joy of sin forgiven.
 There with one accord we meet,
 All the words of life to hear,
 Bending low at Jesus' feet,
 Worshipping with godly fear.

Let the world and all its cares
 Now retire from every breast ;
 Let the tempter and his snares
 Cease to hinder or molest.
 Precious Sabbath of the Lord,
 Fairest type of heaven above,
 Purest joys thy scenes afford
 'To the heart attuned to love.

127 Leaving School for Church.

7s.

To thy temple I repair,
 Lord, I love to worship there ;
 Holy Father! give me grace
 In thy courts to seek thy face.
 While thy glorious name is sung,
 Touch my lips, inspire my tongue,—
 While the prayers of saints ascend,
 God of love, to mine attend.

While thy servant shall proclaim
 Peace and pardon in thy name,
 While I hearken to thy law,
 Fill my soul with humble awe.
 From thy house when I return,
 May my heart within me burn ;
 And at evening let me say,
 "I have walked with God to-day."

128 Early Piety.

7s.

Children, in your earliest youth
 Serve the God of grace and truth ;
 And to the Redeemer's praise
 Spend the remnant of your days.
 Jesus stands with outstretched arms,
 Courts you by a thousand charms,—
 Glory he will surely give,
 If on earth to him you live.

He his Spirit will impart
 To reside within your heart ;
 Cleanse you from the dross of sin,
 Make and keep you pure within.
 Time's the only space that's given
 To obtain a place in heaven ;
 Seek salvation then to-day,
 Seek and find it while you may.

129 "Give me thy Heart."

7s.

Hear ye not a voice from heaven,
 To the listening spirit given ?
 "Children, come!" it seems to say,
 "Give your hearts to me to-day."
 Sweet as is a mother's love,
 Tender as the Heavenly Dove,
 Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms,
 Thus it wins us to his arms.

Lord, we will remember thee,
 While from pains and sorrow free,
 While our day is in its dew,
 And the clouds of life are few.
 Then, when night and age appear,
 Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear,
 Thou our glorious leader be,
 When the stars shall fade and flee.

130

Spring. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY.

(From B. M. Education Soc. Collection.)

All nature shews in various views, Her great Cre-a-tor's praise;

The birds they sing, while on the wing, In soft and pleasing lays.

The trees look gay, and seem to say,
There is a God above :
The sun's bright beams, and liquid
Say—we are rul'd by love. [streams

The bleating flocks, with happy looks,
Say, God deigns us to feed ;
Without his power, there's not an hour
But we should comforts need.

And if the herds, and trees, and birds,
All join to praise God's name,
It must not be, that such as we
Forbear to do the same.

131

Trust in God.

C. M.

In vain I trace creation o'er
In search of solid rest,
The whole creation is too poor
To make me truly blest.

Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone this restless heart
Enduring bliss can find.

Thy favor, Lord, is all I want,
Here would my spirit rest ;
O ! seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

132 The Sabbath Bell. C. M.

The Sabbath bell, how sweet to me,
The day the Saviour rose;
The day when we may seek his face,
And in his arms repose.

To-day he calls us all to come,
He bids us all draw near;
He offers heaven for our home,
And wipes away each tear.

He offers pardon for our sin,
To save from every snare;
To lead our souls in ways of truth,
And show his tend'rest care.

And shall I, can I now refuse
To yield to him my heart?
Forbid it, Lord, and make me choose
This day, the better part.

133 The Bible. C. M.

How shall the young secure their
hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

'Tis like the sun—a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

134 The path to Heaven. C. M.

There is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads us through this world of sin,
And dangers must be past;
But all who boldly walk therein,
Will come to heaven at last.

How shall a youthful pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
Do I not need a Shepherd's care,
To be securely led?

Be thou, O Lord, my guard, my guide,
Nor let me from thee stray;
Uphold my footsteps, lest I slide
Or wander from thy way.

135 Early Piety. C. M.

Why should we spend our youthful
In folly and in sin? [days
When wisdom shows her pleasant
And bids us walk therein. [ways,

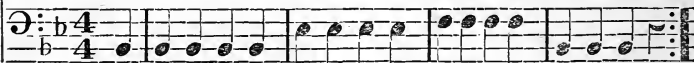
Folly and sin our peace destroy,
They glitter, then are past;
They yield a moment's fleeting joy,
And end in death at last.

But if true wisdom we possess,
Our joys shall never cease;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace.

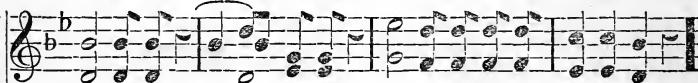
O may we now, in youthful days,
Attend to wisdom's voice;
And make her holy, happy ways,
Our own delightful choice.



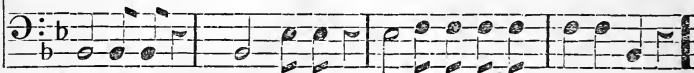
Come, O my soul, in joyous lays Attempt thy great Redeemer's praise : }
But O, what tongue can speak his fame ? What verse can reach the lofty }
theme ?



Glory, glo-ry let us sing While heav'n and earth with glory ring,



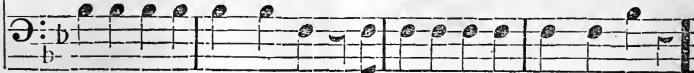
Ho-sanna! ho - san-na! Hosan-na to the Lamb of God.



Allegretto.



Glory, glory let us sing While heaven and earth with glory ring,





Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
Glory, glory, &c.

Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ my tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the
Glory, glory, &c. [song.]

137 Christ's Kingdom. L. M.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no
Glory, glory, &c. [more.]

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And youthful voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
Glory, glory, &c.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our KING;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.
Glory, glory, &c.

138 Children's Hosanna. L. M.

Almighty Ruler of the skies,
Thro' all the earth thy name is spread;
And thine eternal glories rise
Above the heavens thy hands have
Glory, glory, &c. [made.]
Amidst thy temple children throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.
Glory, glory, &c

139 Wisdom of God. L. M.

Awake my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who has all power above,
The source of wisdom and of love
Glory, glory, &c.

Thro' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand, thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.
Glory, glory, &c.

But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, O, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight!
Glory, glory, &c.

140

"I'll awake at Dawn." 10s.

I'll a - wake at dawn on the Sab-bath day, For 'tis
wrong to doze holy time away; With my les-son learn'd this shall
be my rule, Nev-er to be late at the Sab-bath School.

Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing,
None are tardy there, when the woods do ring;
So when Sunday comes, this shall be my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

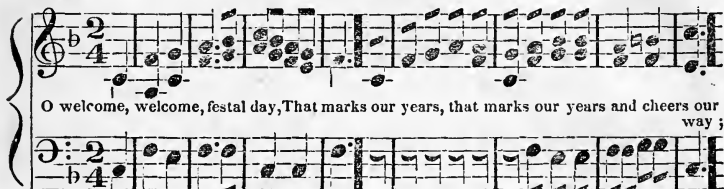
When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

141

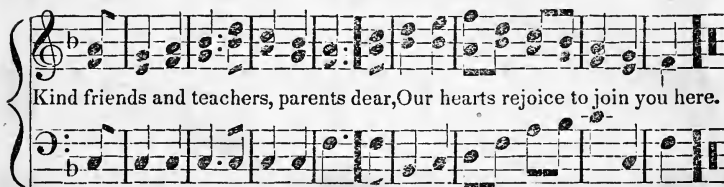
Anniversary Hymn.

L M.

B. A. CARTER.



O welcome, welcome, festal day, That marks our years, that marks our years and cheers our way ;
To you, dear friends, whose generous aid Within our reach, within our reach good books have laid,



Kind friends and teachers, parents dear, Our hearts rejoice to join you here.
We offer thanks, and we would pray That God would bless you day by day.

Our teachers dear, by whose kind hand
We're pointed to the Spirit-land,
If there one note to mortals rise,
We'll thank you in those upper skies.

The Sabbath bell we love to hear,
That calls us to the house of prayer ;
Our pastor there we love to see,
Who points us upward, Lord, to thee.

We bless our God for parents dear,
We mourn for those who have none
here ;
We join the orphans' plaintive air,
For them we raise the fervent prayer.

We know these earthly ties must end,
We're taught to meet in Christ a friend
Whose changeless love no power can
move ;
O Saviour, shed on us that love.

142 Closing Anniversary Hymn. H. M. H. PARKHURST.

Dear Father, e're we part, Now let thy grace descend,

May we, in af-ter years, With grat-i-tude re-view,

And fill each youthful heart, With peace from Christ our friend.

The service of this day, The works we now pur-sue,

May showers of blessings from above, Descend and fill our hearts with love.

And speed our way to worlds above, With hearts inspired with holy love.

We know that soon on earth
The fondest ties must end,—
Our own most cherished hopes
To death's cold hand must bend.
The fairest flowers in all their bloom,
Must soon lie withered in the tomb.

Then when our spirits leave
These tenements of clay,
May they to God who gave,
Ascend,—in endless day
To join with parents, teachers, friends,
That anthem sweet which never ends.

143

Song of Children.

8s, 7s & 4s.

Once was heard the song of children, By the Saviour when on earth ; }
Joyful in the sacred temple Shouts of youthful praise had birth, }

And Hosannas, And Hosannas Loud to David's Son broke forth.

Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While Hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praise essay ;
But Hosannas
Swell the chorus of the sky.

God o'er all in Heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing—
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring—
Glad Hosannas
To our *Prophet, Priest and King.*

O, though humble is our offering,
Deign accept our grateful lays—
These from children once proceeding,
Thou didst deem "perfected praise."
Now Hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

144

Children's Anthem.

L. M.

(DOUBLE.)

What are those soul-reviving strains, Which echo thus from Salem's plains?

What anthems loud, and louder still, So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings Hosanna to the King of kings:

The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim Salvation sent in Jesus' name,

Oh! what sweet music, what a song,
Sounds from this bright, this happy
throng!

Sweet song, whose melting sounds
impart

Joy to each raptured, listening heart.
Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their righteousness.

Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.
Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout thro' highest heaven.

145**Our Guide.**

L. M.

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.
To us the light of truth display, [way;
And make us know and choose thy
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with
Lead us to Christ, the living way, [God;
Nor let us from his pastures stray;
Lead us to God—our final rest—
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy forever there.

146**God's Omniscience.**

L. M.

Father of spirits! Nature's God! [thee;
Our inmost thoughts are known to
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.
Could we on morning's swiftest wings
Pursue our flight through trackless
air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us
there.

In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night,
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.
Search thou our hearts, and there des-
Each evil thought, each secret sin; [troy
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where nought impure shall enter in.

147**The Saviour's Love.**

L. M.

Jesus, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue de-
Unite my thankful heart to thee, [clare;
And reign without a rival there.
Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.
O, let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.
Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me
strong;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love in heaven shall be my song.

148

"Let every heart rejoice and sing."

GARCIA.

1. Let every heart rejoice and sing; Let choral anthems rise; Ye

2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heaven his power is known; And
reverend men and children bring, To God your sacrifice; To God your sacri-

earth subdued to him, shall yet Bow low before his throne, Bow low &c.
fice; For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With

songs and hon - ors sounding loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise.

CHORUS.

While the rocks and the rills, While th' vales and th' hills, A glorious anthem
raise; Let each prolong th' grateful song, And the God of our Fathers praise.

149 Universal Praise.

P. M.

Begin the high, celestial strain,
My raptured soul, and sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's Almighty King.
Bear it, ye breezes, on your wings,
To distant climes away;
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.
Cho:—While the rocks, &c.

Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky;
Let angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony;—
While we, with sacred rapture fired,
The blest Creator sing,
And chant our consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal King.
Cho:—While the rocks, &c.

159 Morning Offering.

P. M.

Awake, my soul, to sound his praise;
Awake, my harp, to sing;
Join, all my powers, the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.
Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.
Cho:—While the rocks, &c.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy name.
So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above.
While sinners hear thy pardoning
And taste redeeming love. [voice,
Cho:—While the rocks, &c.

151 "The Seraphs bright are hovering." 7s. L. MASON.*(From Boston Musical Edu. Soc. Coll.)*

The seraphs bright are hovering A-round the throne a - bove, }
 Their harps are ever tuning To thrilling tones of love. }

Or through the azure soar-ing, Or poised on snowy wing,

With glowing hearts adoring, Sweet choral notes they sing.

From earth is daily rising
 A rich, harmonious song,
 From sunny, perfumed flowers
 By breezes borne along.
 From hills in sunlight glittering,
 From smooth, deep emerald seas,
 A cloud of praise is rising
 Like incense on the breeze.

And childhood's voice is chanting
 A full, harmonious song,
 When morning light is breaking,
 Or evening sweeps along.
 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their hosanna raise.

152

"Call of the Bell."

S. S. Harp.

Rather Slow.

Hark! the deep-toned bell is calling! "Come! O come!" }
Weary ones, where'er you wander, "Hith-er come!" }

Loud-er now and deep-er peal-ing, On the heart that

voice is stealing, "Come, nor longer roam, Come, nor longer roam."

Now again its tones are pealing,

"Come! O come!"

In the sacred temple kneeling,

"Seek thy home!"

Come, and round the altar bending,

Love the place where God, descending,

Calls the spirit home.

Still the echoed voice is ringing,

"Come! O come!"

Every heart pure incense bringing

"Hither, come!"

Father, round thy footstool bending,

May our souls, to heaven ascending,

Find in thee their home.

153

Sabbath Morning.

S. S. Harp.

Awake! awake! Your bed forsake, To God your praises pay ; The
 morning sun is clear and bright, How precious is the sacred light ! With
 songs of
 love, Praise God above ; It is the Sabbath day, It is the Sabbath day.

Before the morn
 Awaked the dawn,
 The blessed Saviour rose ;
 He conquered death and left the grave,
 While soft across the placid wave,
 The morning star
 Shone forth afar ;
 And vanquished all his foes.

The angels bright,
 From worlds of light,
 To greet his rising came ;
 The prince of life with joy they view,
 While heaven its glories o'er him
 Then haste to fly [threw ;
 Above the sky,
 Their raptures to proclaim.

154

"Remember thy Creator." 7s & 6s.

(From the Sacred Minstrel.)

O come in life's gay morning, Ere in thy sun-ny way The

flowers of hope have withered, And sorrow ends thy day. Come, while from joy's bright fountain, The

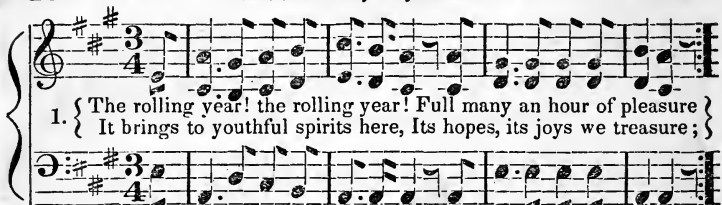
streams of pleasure flow, Come ere thy buoyant spir-its Have felt the blight of wo.

"Remember thy Creator"
 Now in thy youthful days,
 And he will guide thy footsteps
 Through life's uncertain maze.
 "Remember thy Creator,"
 He calls in tones of love,
 And offers deathless glories
 In brighter worlds above.

And in the hour of sadness,
 When earthly joys depart,
 His love shall be thy solace
 And cheer thy drooping heart.
 And when life's storm is over,
 And thou from earth art free,
 Thy God will be thy portion
 Throughout eternity.

155

Anniversary Hymn.

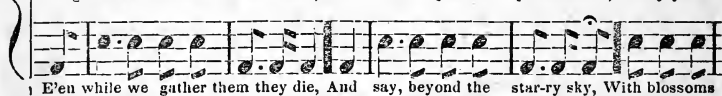
P. M. *Alt. from B. S. S. Book.*

1. { The rolling year! the rolling year! Full many an hour of pleasure }
 { It brings to youthful spirits here, Its hopes, its joys we treasure ; }

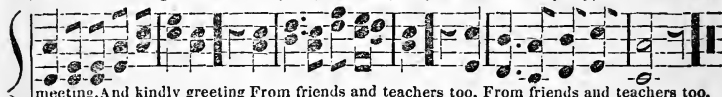
2. { O! all too swift these golden hours Their onward flight are winging ; }
 { Too briefly bloom the gentle flowers In childhood's pathway springing ; }



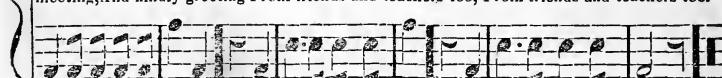
This glad some hour we hail it now, This hallowed spot where praises flow ; This joyous



E'en while we gather them they die, And say, beyond the star-ry sky, With blossoms



meeting, And kindly greeting From friends and teachers too, From friends and teachers too.



vernal, In light eternal, Shall life be theirs a - gain? Shall life be theirs a - gain.

Far, far beyond the darksome grave,
 Our last, our narrow dwelling,
 Beyond Death's rudely rolling wave,
 And angry billows swelling ;
 O! there, so calm, so bright, so blest,
 There is the land of holy rest,
 There sweetly blending
 In praise unending,
 Are tones of joy and love.

O! be it ours in early youth,
 Ere yet her light has faded,
 To choose the path of heavenly truth,
 That path with bliss pervaded ;
 And they, who teach us truths divine,
 Heaven's light around their pathway
 While here we gather, (shine,
 Eternal Father,
 Thy Spirit o'er us bend.

156 "Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning." *S. S. Hays*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a grand staff (treble and bass clef) for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the treble. The voice part is a simple melody with lyrics written below the notes.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the
lands that in darkness have lain; Hushed be the accents of sorrow and
mourning, Zi-on tri-umphant be-gins her mild reign.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,

Long by the prophets of Israel foretold:

Hail to the millions from bondage returning,

Gentiles and Jews now the Saviour behold.

Lo, in the desert, rich flowers are springing,

Streams ever copious are gliding along;

Low from the mountains the echoes are ringing,

Vallies in verdure unite in the song.

See from the nations—the isles of the ocean—

Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;

Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,

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